

Blood On The Streets Of Gotham

by Random Acts Of Fun

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Summary: What really happened on that horrid night? Did Joe Chill really kill Thomas and Katherine Wayne? Nobody knows but what if it wasn't a criminal at all what if it was...

Blood On The Streets Of Gotham

This is my first Batman fic, so it probably won't be very good. I would like to say thank you to my friend Leon who helped me and can you please check out my other fics, I've only done Harry Potter fics so far but I want to do a Dragon Age fic soon. Can you all please check out my YouTube channel it's called 'Random Acts Of Fun' (the picture is a blue thumbs up) and don't forget to favourite, follow and review.

* * *

><p>Joe Chill was currently sitting on a hard wooden chair, but he knew it wasn't as bad as the cold floor of a prison cell. Joe Chill had been framed for the murder of Thomas and Katherine Wayne. Of course he hadn't killed them, he's not a murderer or a mugger, he was only a burgler. He looked up into the Chief of Police's cold, hard eyes and realised that he would be going to prison if he couldn't prove that he was innocent, he realised that the only possible way that he would get out of this was to tell them about his dream, he didn't care if they thought he was crazy, he had to get out of there.<p>

"Sir, I swear on my mother's life that I didn't kill them, it was thw Batman, I have proof." Joe suddenly said, after placing his hands on the chiefs desk. Gordon looked him straight in the eye and laughed "Batman, ha, who the hell is the Batman!" He replied. "It's Bruce Wayne, he -" Joe felt a sharp pain shoot up his face from his nose, Police Chief Gordon had just done something that he had never done before, he had headbutted one of his detainees, breaking Chills nose.

" HOW ARE YOU CHILL, YOU'R TRYING TO PIN THE MURDER OF THOMAS AND KATHERINE ON THEIR POOR SON, I SHOULD SHOOT YOU, YOU SICK, SICK MAN. OFFICERS, GET IN HERE NOW AND TAKE CHILL TO THE COLDEST, DARKEST CELL THERE IS!" He bellowed, Gordon was furious, how dare this psycopath blame a 5 year old for his own parents death.

"No, please no, hear me out, I swear that I am telling the truth." Joe sobbed, Gordon was a kind man so he decided to give chill one last chance to clear his name. "Go on then Chill, suprise me" he growled, "Last night, I had a dream but I was not me, I was Batman, I could hear his thoughts, I could see through his eyes and I could feel his emotions but I couldn't move."

"You expect me to use a dream as evidence, are you crazy, don't answer that, of course you are. Guards get him out of here this insta-" Gordon was cut off by Joe's anguished plead, "NO, PLEASE, PLEASE JUST LET ME FINISH" Gordon was a patient man, he really was but this man was really testing that patience, "Fine, I'm gonna let you finish your story time, but if I think that you're wasting my time then I'm gonna have you for doubke homicide and preventing the cause justice." Joe nodded enthusiastically, this was his shot, if he got out of here then he would never commit another crime again.

"It all began with Batman defeating his biggest nemesis in the future. As the nemesis' last move, he sends Batman back to the past, our present. He arrives at the moment before his parents died. Batman's suit was destroyed. He finds some ragged clothes to wear and starts to walk towards a dark alley. In the distance, he sees a young Bruce Wayne. The young versions of himself and his parents walk towards him. He waited for Joe Chill, the original murderer of his parents, to appear, but he was wrong because I'm innocent. Joe never came, his parents just got a short glimpse of him, and they walked by.

At that moment, Bruce realized the reason his nemesis sent him back to the past. As he started to shiver, he found a cold metal object in his pocket. As he took his hand out, he was holding a gun. This was the moment where it was going to be decided if he should become Batman. Should he break his vow of not killing anyone, and deprive the world of its savior? Gotham and the world would be doomed without him. He remembered all of those words he heard in the dark as a young boy. The words came out of his mouth. His parents turned towards him, and a loud bang flashed through the night.

He paid the ultimate price of sacrificing his parents to become Batman. Bruce started to fall apart for what he had done. The burden was too big. As he watched his young self crying over the bodies of his dead parents, Batman went insane. His sorrow was unmeasurable. He couldn't stand himself for what he did. Bruce couldn't stand the fact that he had to kill his parents to become Batman! Batman ran away and climbed to the highest point of a bridge. He could see Gotham beneath him. He jumped into the cold water...

A few hours later, the dock workers pulled out a body from the water. He was pale but alive. There was no ID card, only a gun in his pocket. A police officer stated that he heard the unidentified man laughing. It was the laugh of a madman who experienced the best joke in the world. The Batman was dead... and the Joker was born..."

Gordon stared at him, mouth agape. "Batman? Joker? Dreams? DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID, YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR 20 YEARS CHILL, GET HIM THE HELL OUT OF HERE." The last thing he heard before he lay his head on his desk to sleep was a mad laugh that chilled him to the bone.

End
file.